

KRS-One Lyrics

"Stay Real"

Yeah

You know an artist paints with his mind, not with his hands
Wake up

It ain't easy being a lyrical legend
I'm the average old-schooler
I stay sharp with this lyrical weapon
My main art's in the spiritual section
But some dudes ain't hearing this lesson
So I buck shot with the smith and wesson
Clips go into the weapon
If I bring the Mac 10 from the west coast
I'm aiming it into your section
Rip rhymes with a Tech-Nine and a 40 Glock
When I'm teaching a lesson
I'll even bring an M1 and leave an impression
A mean one, a clean one, you never seen one
Til I sweep up with a machine gun
When the teacha come, you see them run
First I be coming with the peta guns
For my peace love and unity, I'ma have to see your funds
Why you be so dumb
You need to run, look around
My delivery is hot, like when the pizza come, don't fuck around

(You talk to em)

If you continue to ignore the word
You gonna go through the same deal
Rearrange your mind and hide, you speak out your word
You putting seeds in your brain field
Corporations treating you like sheep and like [?]
But KRS-One, he stays real
Listen to the teacher as he speaks out the word
You gonna rise if he stays real

(Watch this. Stay real)

It ain't easy being a lyrical icon
When I turn my mic on
Rappers start shaking like fiends when their pipe's gone
I'm squeezing the mic like a python, you got it quite wrong
The guru, step into the arena with the teacha and your life's gone
These rappers are immoral, they write wrong
KRS-One is immortal, is career is quite long
This won't take long, I'm spitting on mics cause I'm made for this
Be clear, I speak that lyrical hip-hop lyrical craziness
The bar-tender, the airbender, I spit you see the waviness

I don't criticize or knock nobody's style, but I'ma stay with this
The traditional and lyrical is everyday for Kris
I'll strip these beats down to their nakedness
Ain't nothing fake with this

(Stay real)

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They know that I'm spitting the truth everywhere
Or proof that I'm raising the roof everywhere
Off the top like I don't have any hair
Observe, you might just learn something here
My word is a clear, oh you forgot, 22, 45 uzi or Glock
I don't give a fuck if you choose me or not
First time fiends are new to this drop
Fail to receive when I [?] to the spot
Salutes all day when I cruise in the block
True, Fuck if you feel me or not
Don't claim to be a legend if you really a not
I'm real with the rock, skills are tight, real hip-hop, keep it real tonight
Got the will to fight, whether day or night
Gonna stay alright, cause I stay in the light
I'm the [?] and the hype man
I'm cooking and shaking and baking the mic
When I walk in, rappers jetting like they taking a flight
KRS-One, blazing the mic
Aight!